off"; therefore intimacy is impossible. Why begin again, then? T could remain his friend; why does he want to be my friend when I don't even admire him any longer and when these animated and paradoxical discussions only tire me and bore me. . . . Oh, how they bore me!

10 My

I am beginning to write again. I interrupted myself through lack of will. As a matter of routine I should force myself to write a few lines here every day,

22

July

Maeterlinck reads me his *Sept Princesses?*

Yesterday saw Bruges and Ostend. Such boredom, such a lugubrious fatigue strikes me as soon as I am in a new town that I can think of nothing but the desire to get away again. I dragged myself through the streets with a real anguish. Even when these things are most worthy of admiration, the idea of seeing them alone appalls me. It seems to me that I am taking from Em." a bit of that delight that we ought to enjoy together. I sleep every afternoon to be able at least to dream a little. Or else I read. The "landscape," instead of distracting me* from myself, always assumes desperately the color of my lamentable soul.

At Ostend the sky and the sea were gray; dire desperations rained down on the sea. I wanted to lose myself in a sensual emotion and, while watching the downpour, I absorbed ices, 1 had a fever. My nose bled all day long,

23

July

I saw Bruges again with Mother. I snuggled up in her affection.

Said farewell to Maeterlinck. We were beginning to talk. I regret

the things that we might have said to each other. I should like to write
him. A longing for laborious solitude is again upon me* Maeterlinck has an admirable strength.

Alkmaar

. . . A garden of tulips and pink lilies. Neat little lanes between tiny houses. I wandered over the washed tiles, and In front of the painted doors appropriately little girls were washing away spots that could not be seen. Above the roofs ships' masts were moving back and forth, because here the good Lord made the waters higher than the land.

[2] *The Seven Princesses,* a play (1891).

[3] "Em." stands for Emmanu&le Rondeaux, Andr6 Gide's cousin, whom
he married in 1895.